



It's a chilly and rainy night, but the fireplace is lit and the parlour is warm.

You're more than welcome to join me for a story.

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The tale begins, long ago, in a stately castle by the sea.

Fletchmoor had once been the pride of the Welsh countryside.

Love, happiness, good times and laughter pealed through the ancient stone walls; that was, until the day the Lady of the manor, died.

With her, died the heart, the soul and the spirit of the Lord of the manor.

Deprived of the will to live, he walled himself up in his room, where he died a slow, agonizing death.

His sorrow willed itself into every stone, every crevice of the once glorious estate, leaving an eternal imprint of soul shattering heartache.

Now, just a crumbling hulk of its once former glory, locals say that, when the nights are clear and the sky is devoid of stars, if you listen closely you can hear the howling of the Lord's eternal sorrow...on the wind.

